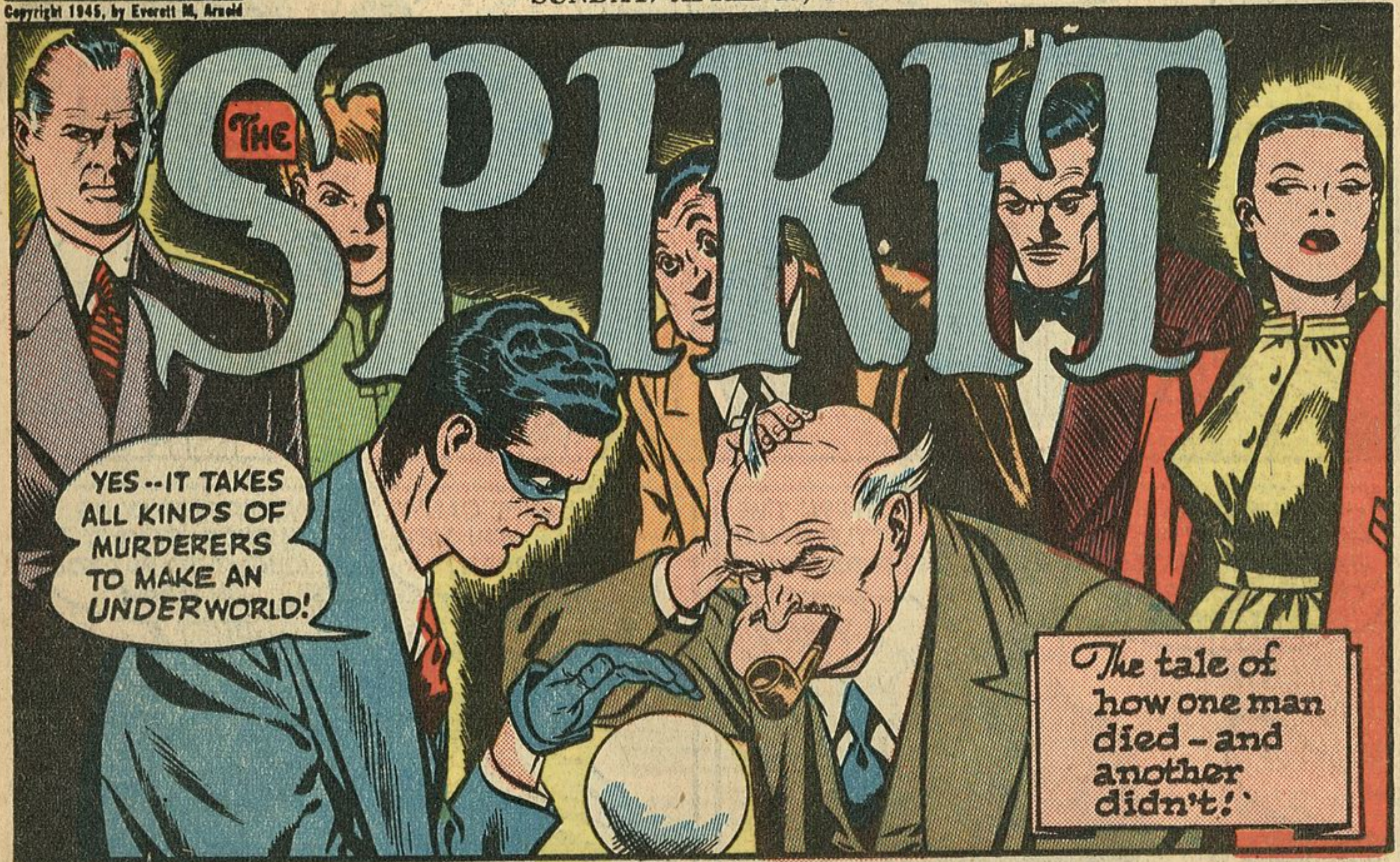


SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1945



One bright, crisp morning, Bond Bratton, investment swindler, was found dead in his parlor....

NOT A CLUE! AND IT MIGHTA BEEN ANY ONE OF DOZENS WHO HATED HIM!

BETTER CALL COMMISSIONER DOLAN TO TAKE OVER!

YES, MRS. BRATTON, IT'LL BE DIFFICULT TO FIND YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDERER...

WRONG, DOLAN!

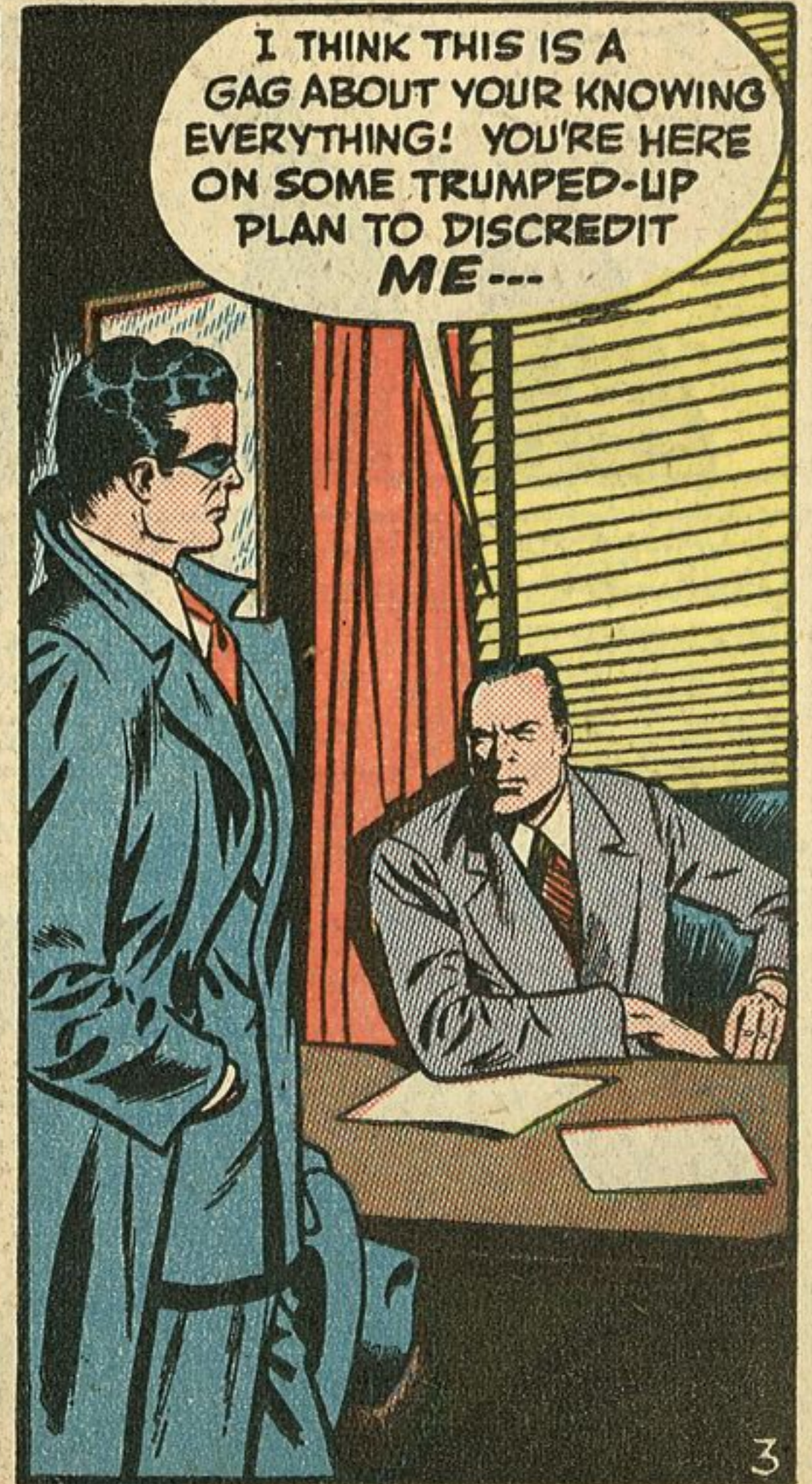
I'VE LOOKED OVER ALL THE EVIDENCE --- IT POINTS ONLY ONE WAY! ONLY ONE PERSON COULD HAVE KILLED BOND BRATTON!

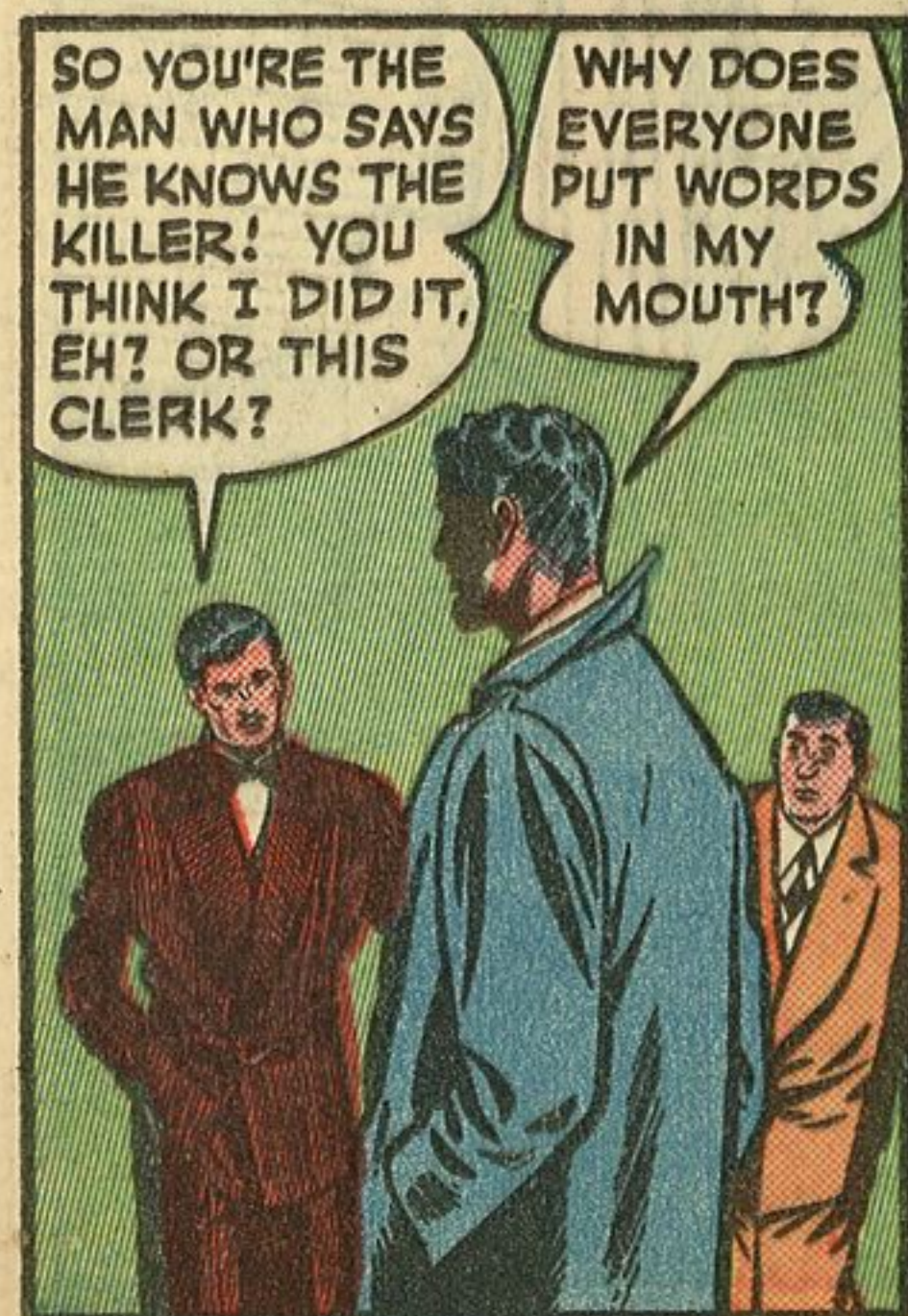
WHO, SPIRIT? WHO?

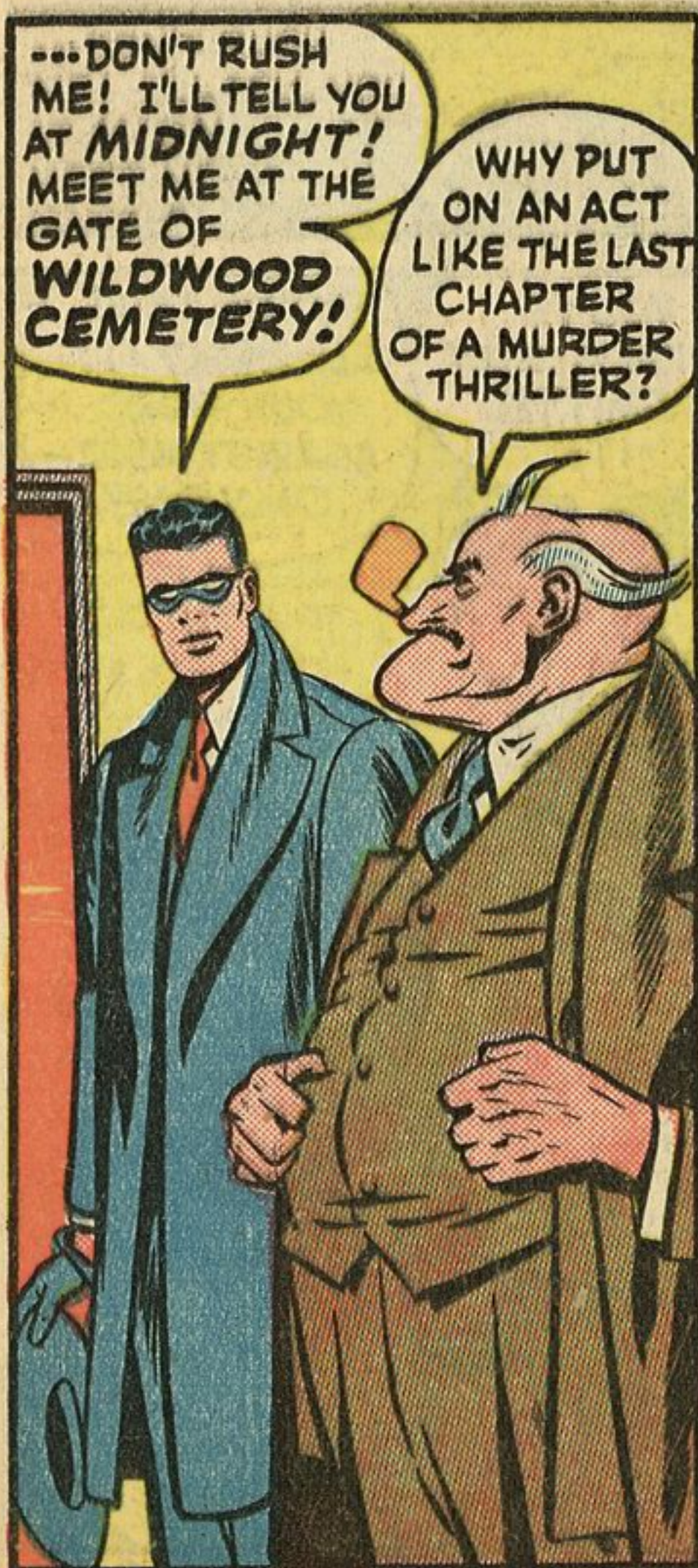


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM







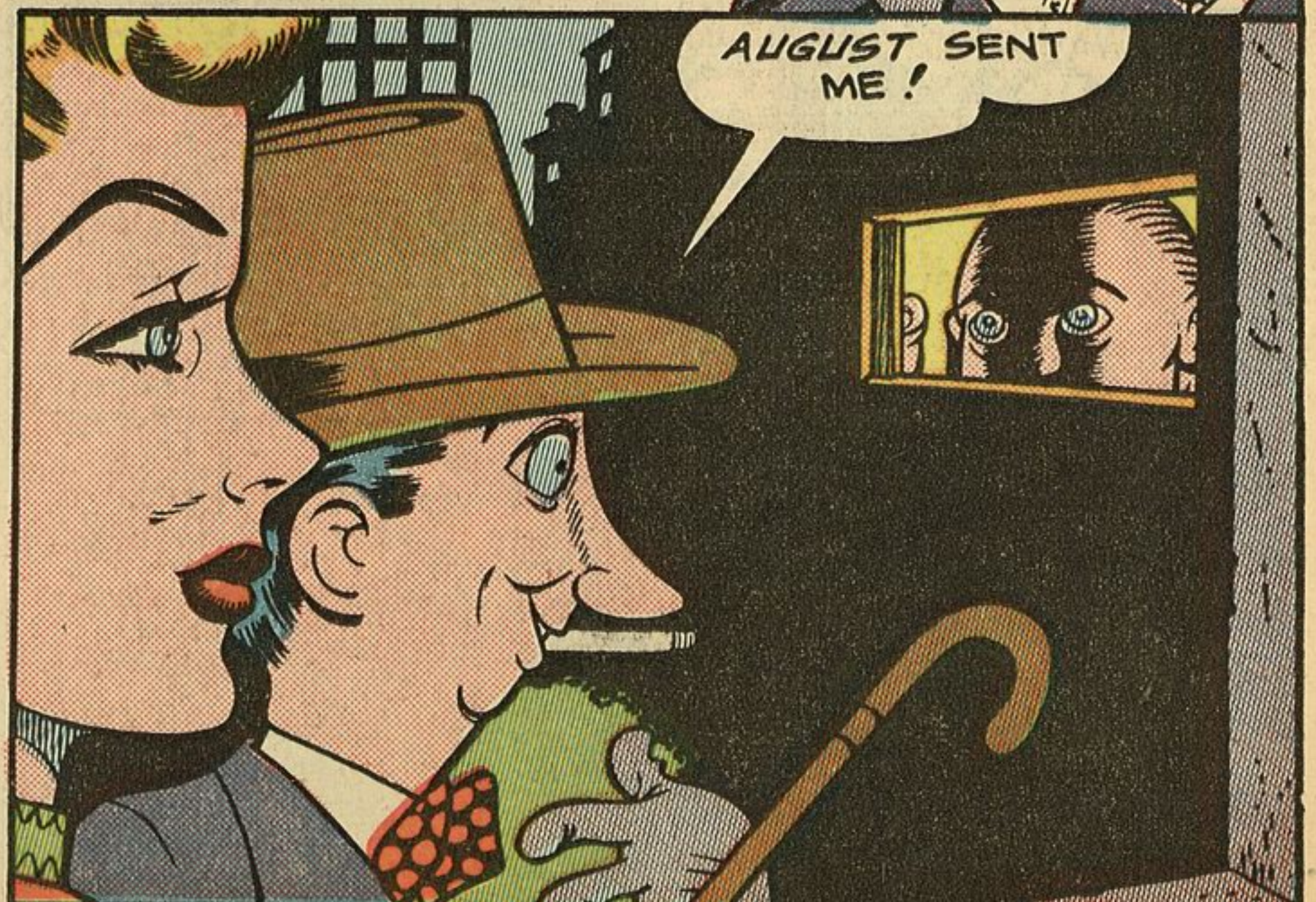
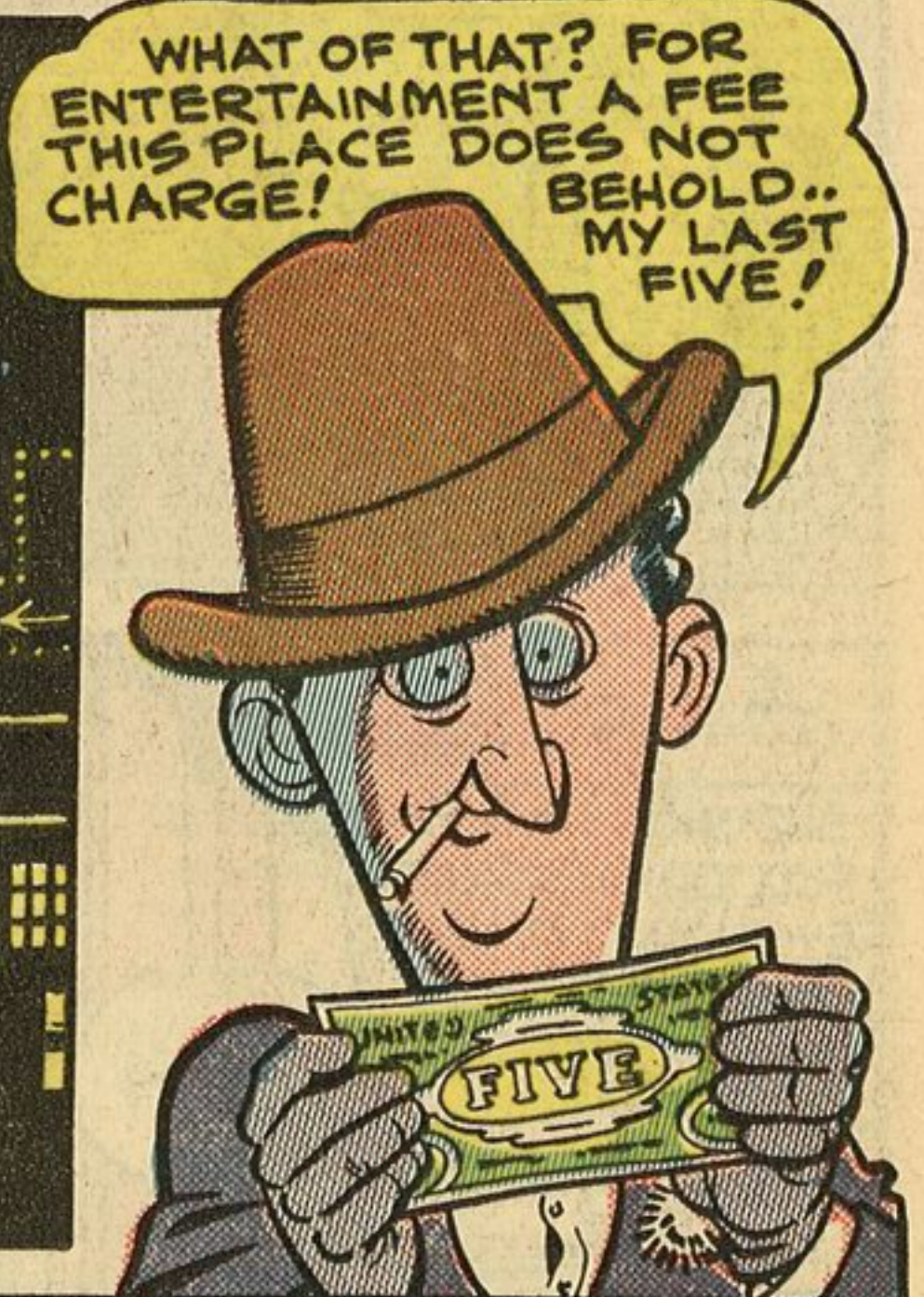


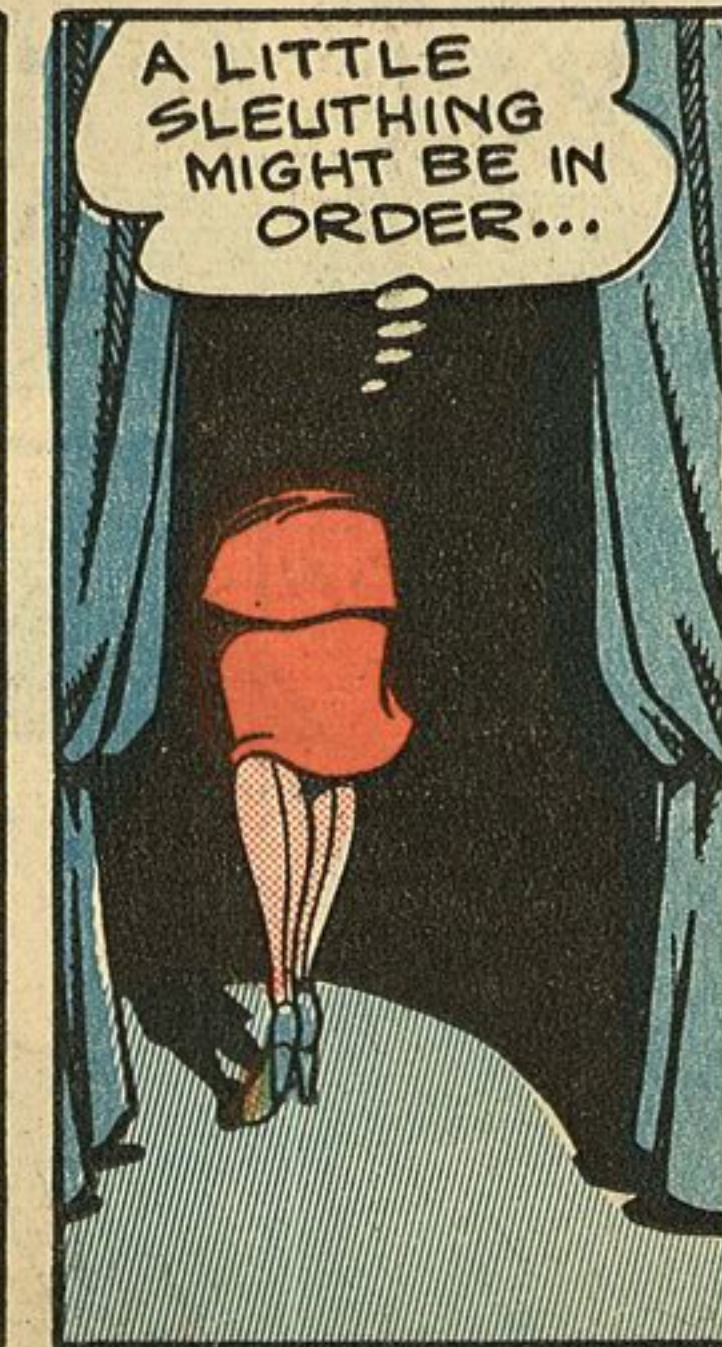
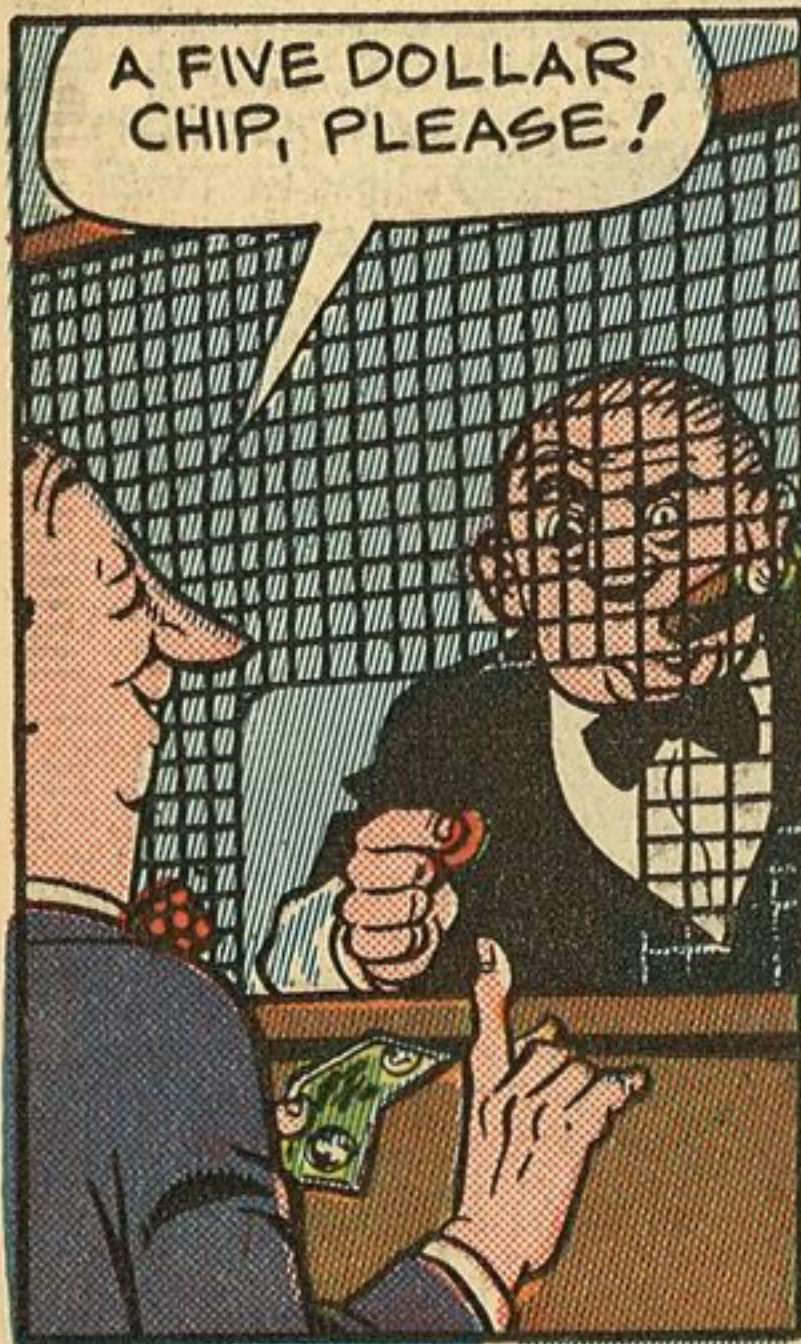
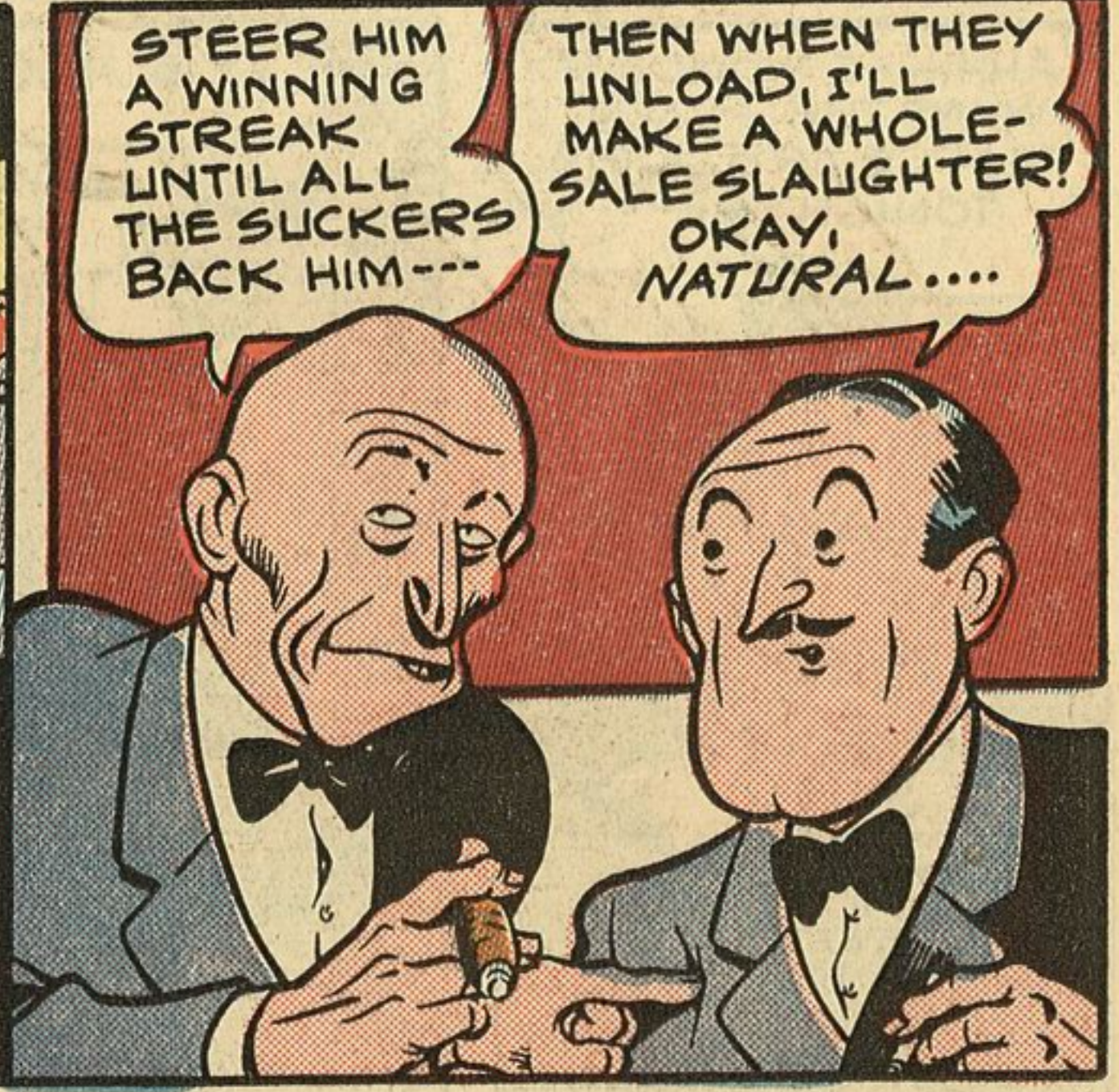
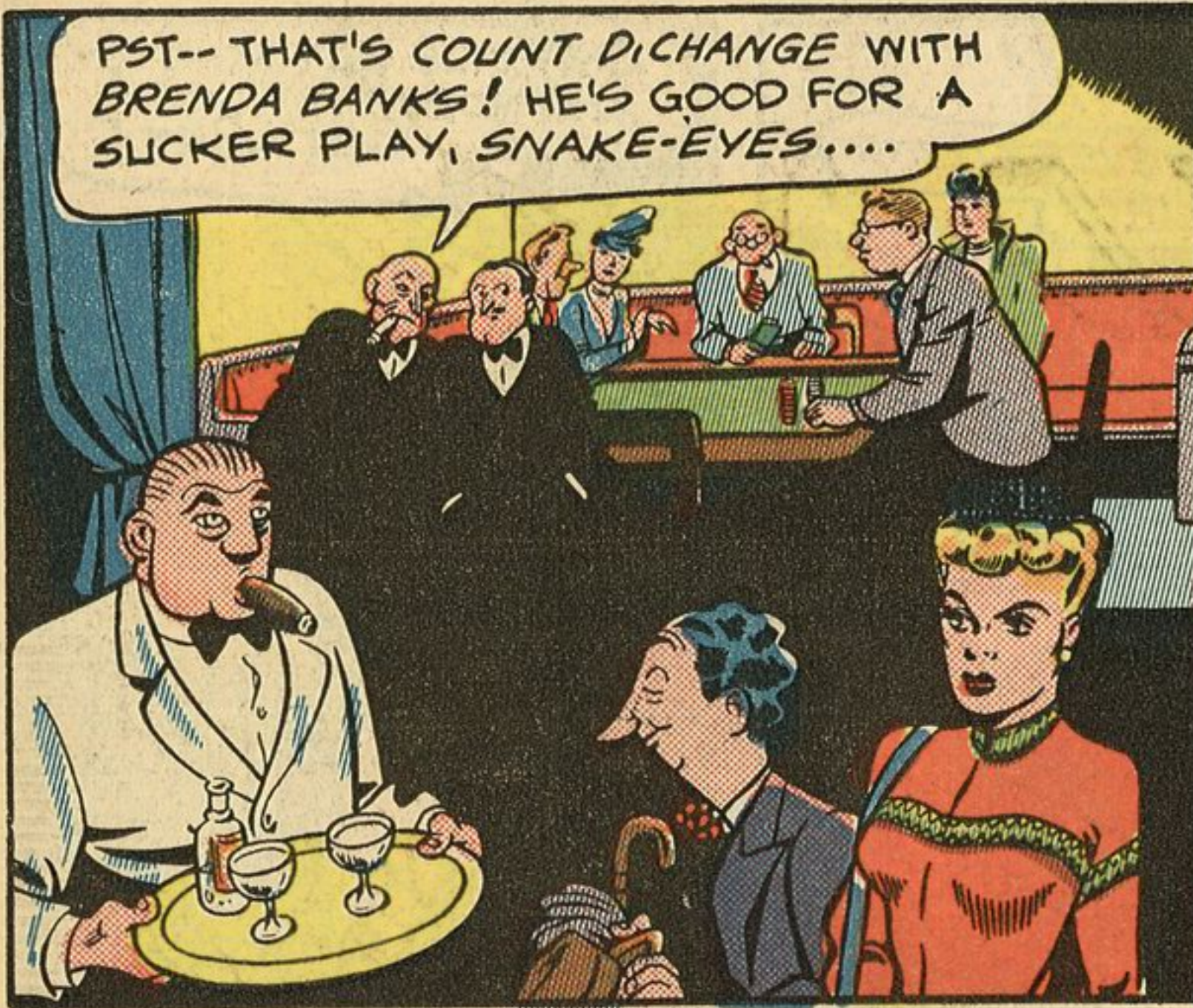




LADY LUCK

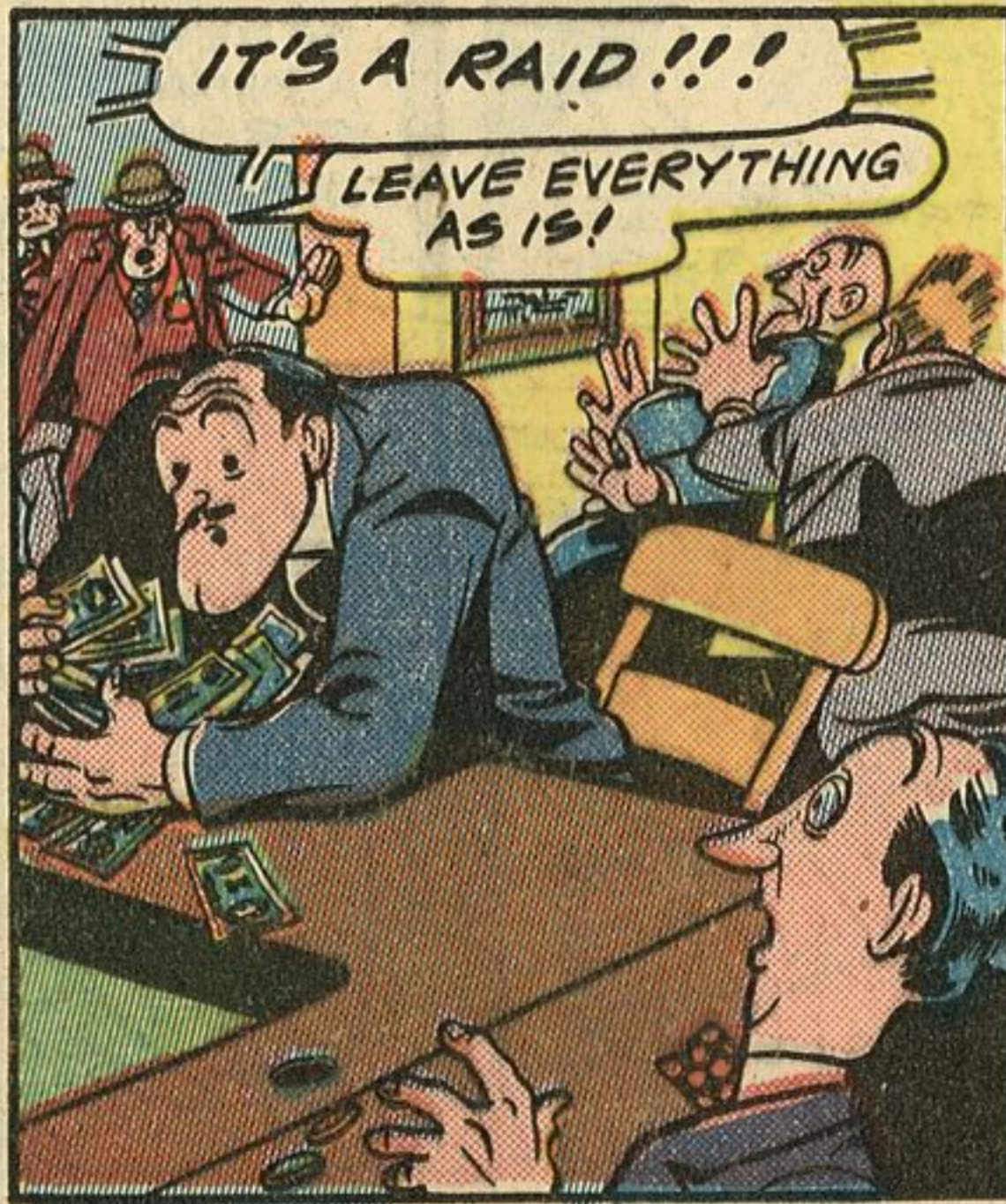
By Klaus Nordling







AHHH-- I WONDER WHAT THE POOR PEOPLE ARE DOING TONIGHT-----



IT'S A RAID!!!

LEAVE EVERYTHING AS IS!



JUST FILE OUT QUIETLY AND NOBODY WILL GET HURT!

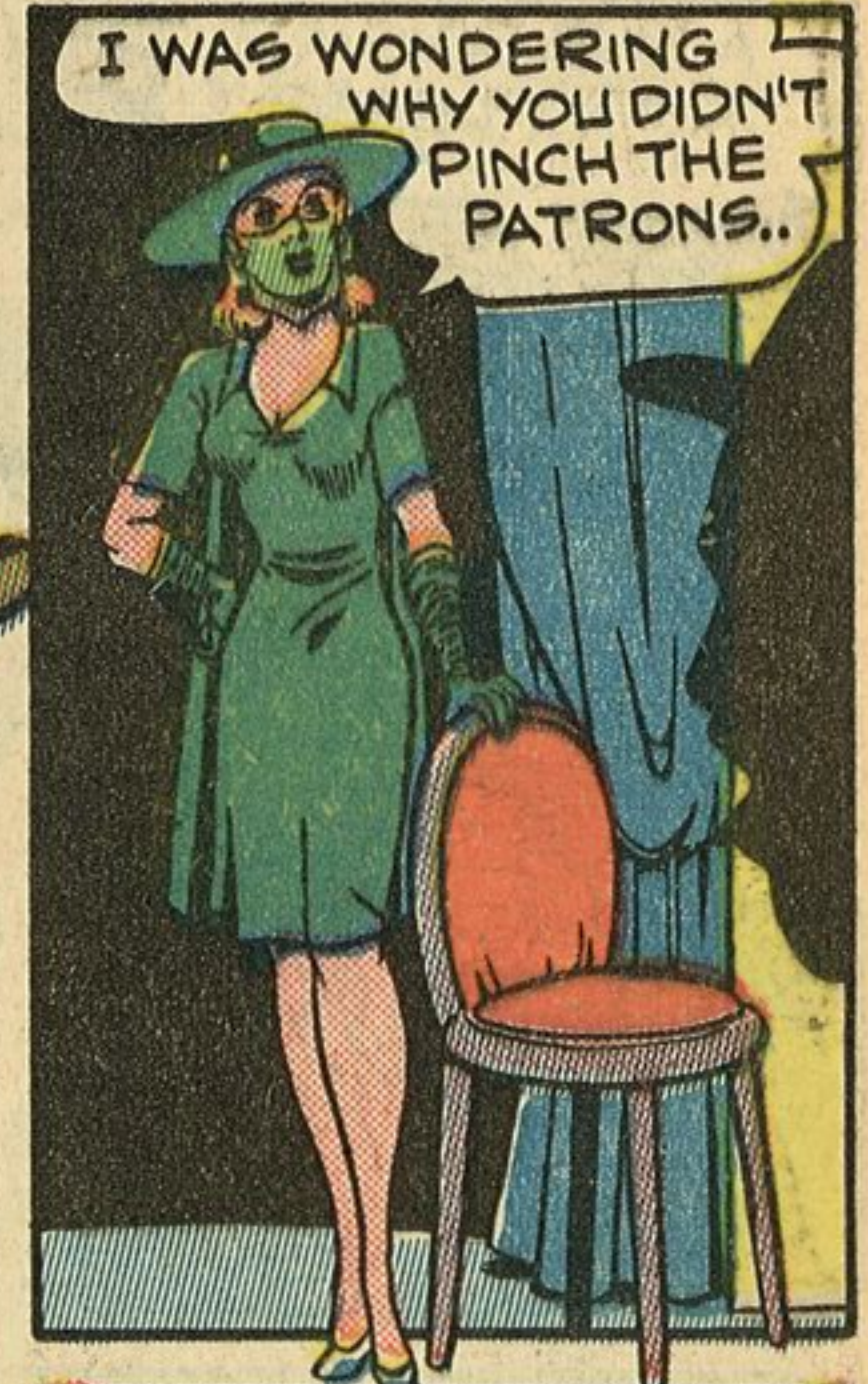


IN THE BATHROOM, NATURAL! YOU, TOO, SNAKE-EYES!!

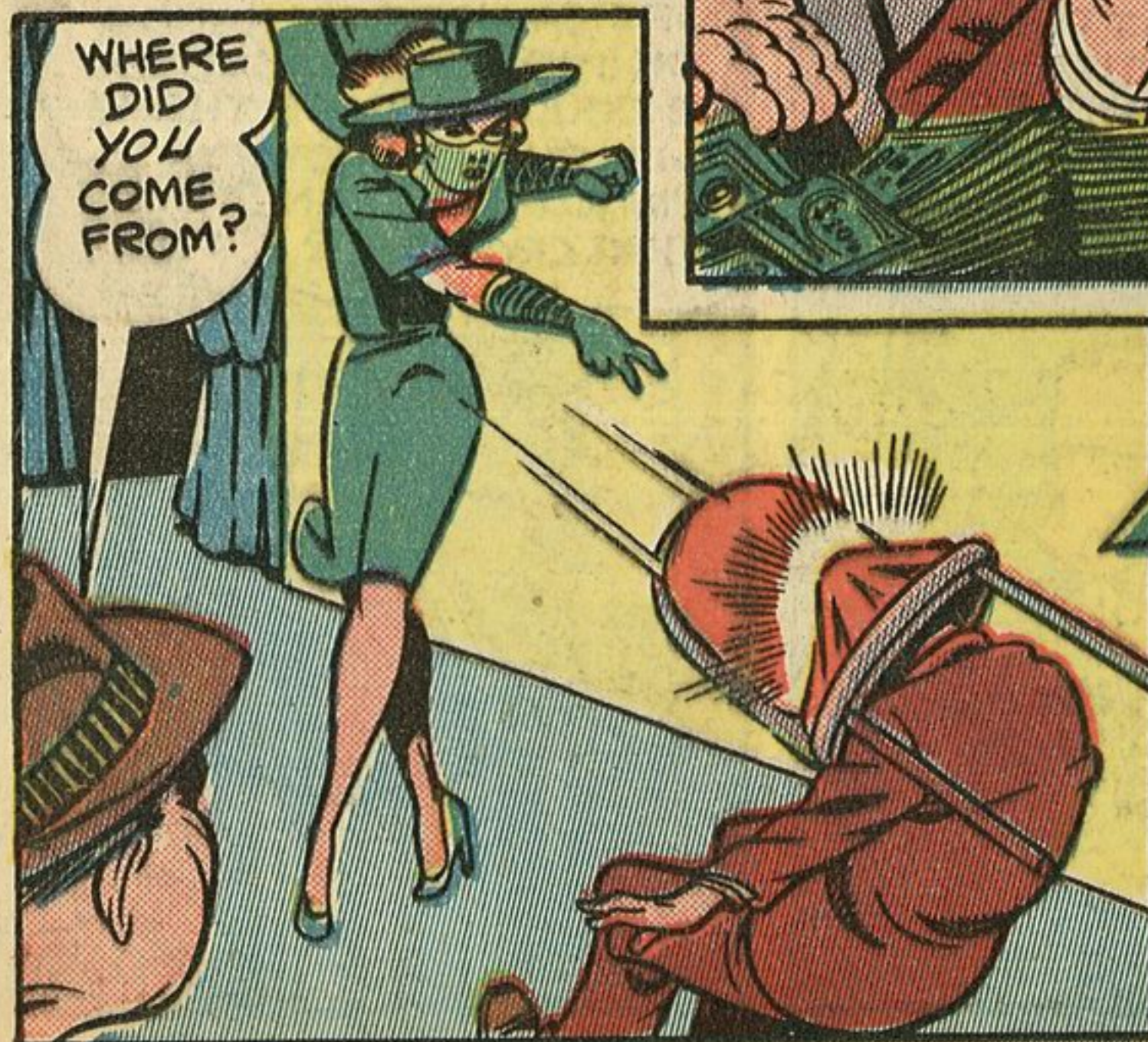


HAW-HAW! QUITE A RACKET, TIGER-- THERE'S FIFTY GRAND TO SPLIT!

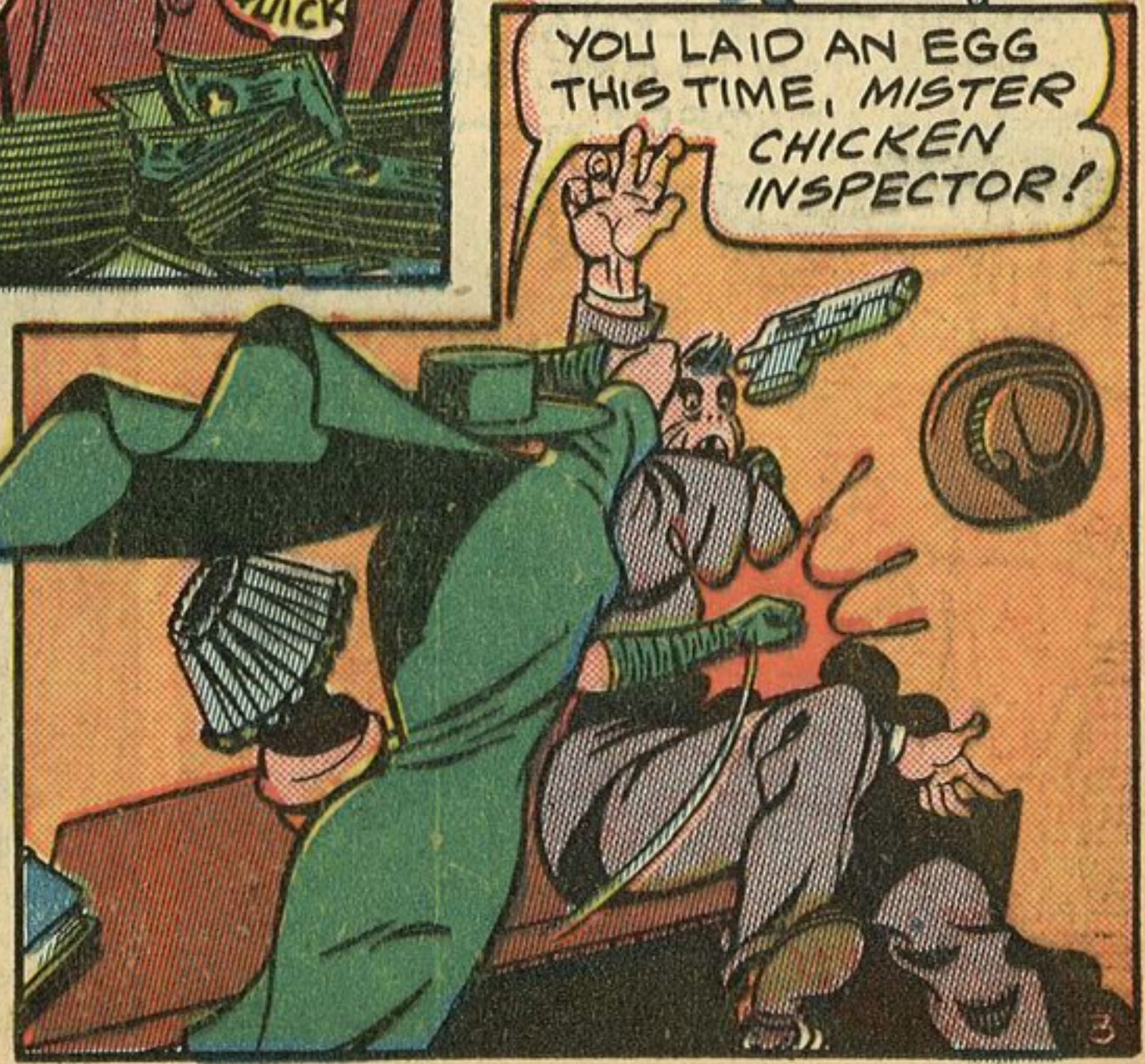
AND THEY DON'T DARE SQUAWK TO THE COPS!



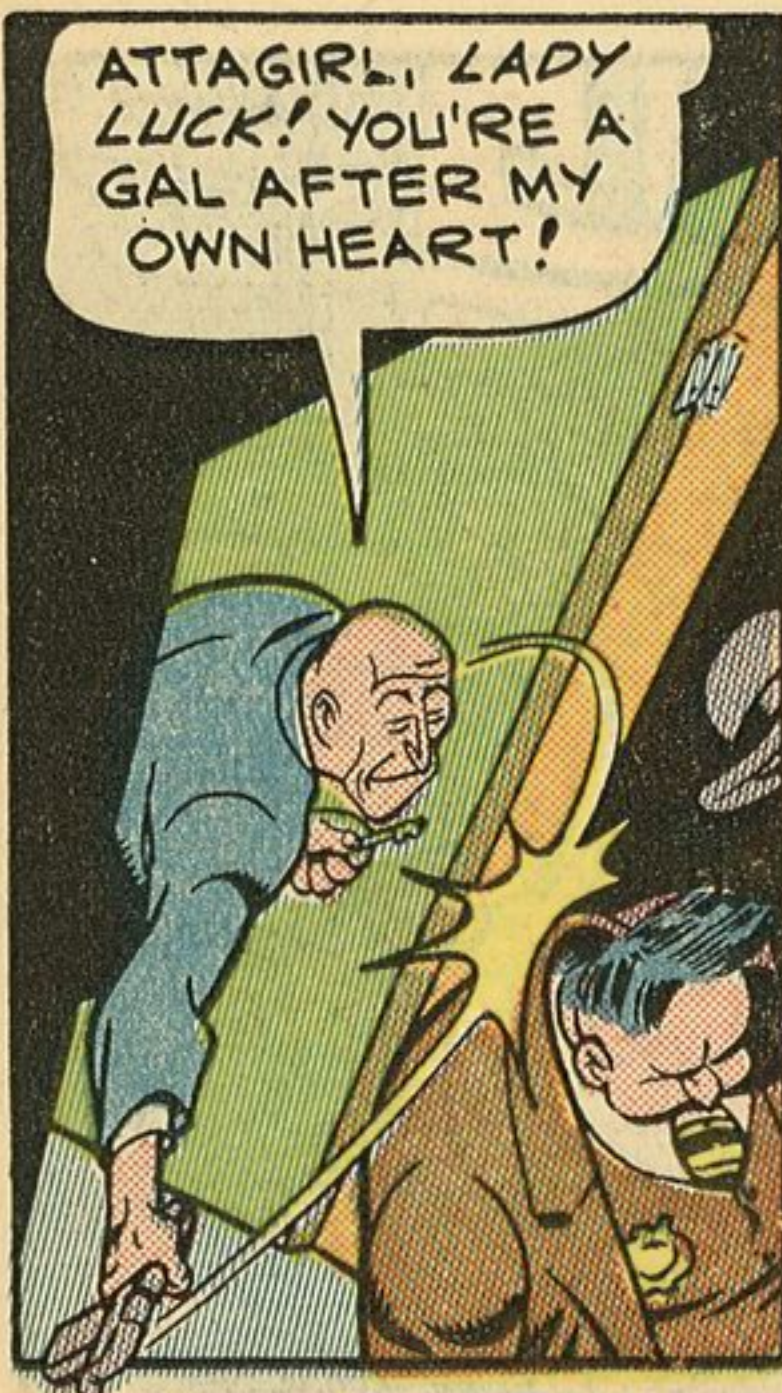
I WAS WONDERING WHY YOU DIDN'T PINCH THE PATRONS..



WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?



YOU LAID AN EGG THIS TIME, MISTER CHICKEN INSPECTOR!

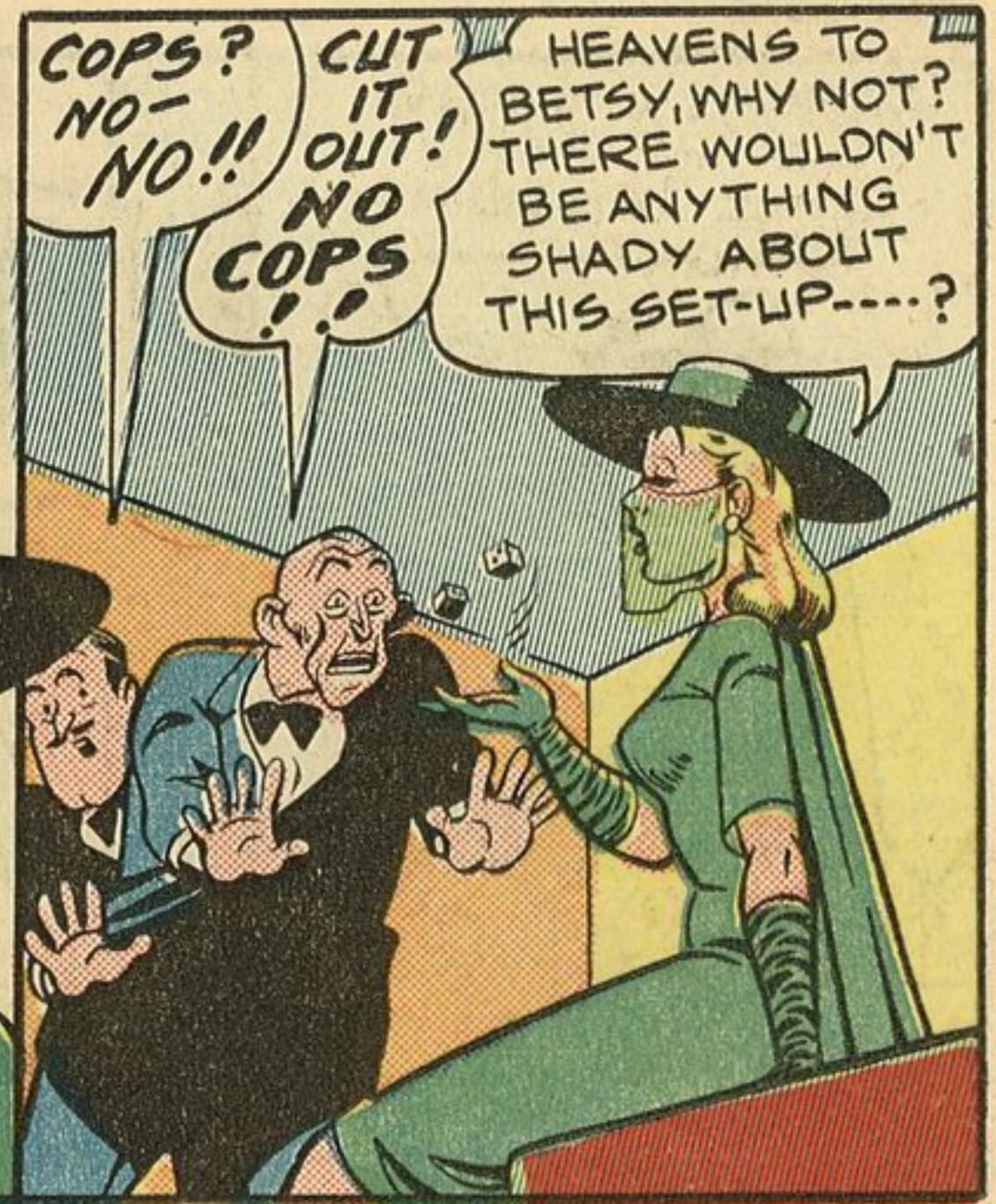


ATTAGIRL, LADY LUCK! YOU'RE A GAL AFTER MY OWN HEART!



THEY SURE FOOLED ME... I THOUGHT THEY WAS COPS!

UH-HUH! WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IN THE POLICE TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS---



COPS? NO-NO!! CUT IT OUT! NO COPS!!

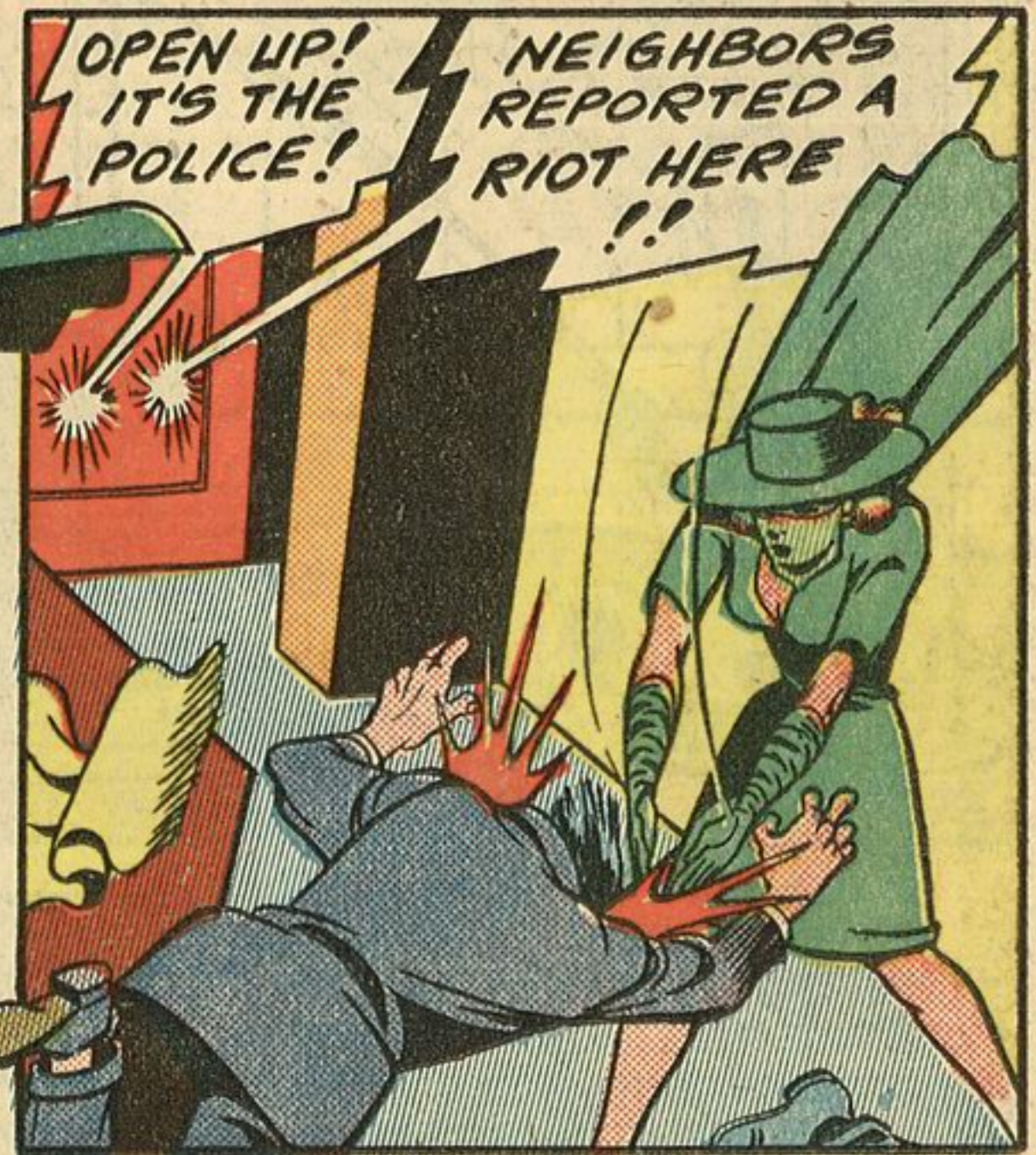
HEAVENS TO BETSY, WHY NOT? THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING SHADY ABOUT THIS SET-UP----



IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAID-- YOU CAN'T TRUST A DAME!



THAT'S WHAT ALL THE BOYS TELL ME: I'M DISARMING!



OPEN UP! IT'S THE POLICE!

NEIGHBORS REPORTED A RIOT HERE !!



I WITHOUT YOU DID NOT DEIGN TO DEPART....



ALL QUIET NOW.. BUT LOOKS LIKE A BIG WIND ROARED THROUGH HERE!

HAUL 'EM ALL TO HEAD-QUARTERS! THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WHAT, WHICH IS WHICH AND WHO THREW THE OVER-HALLS IN MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER---

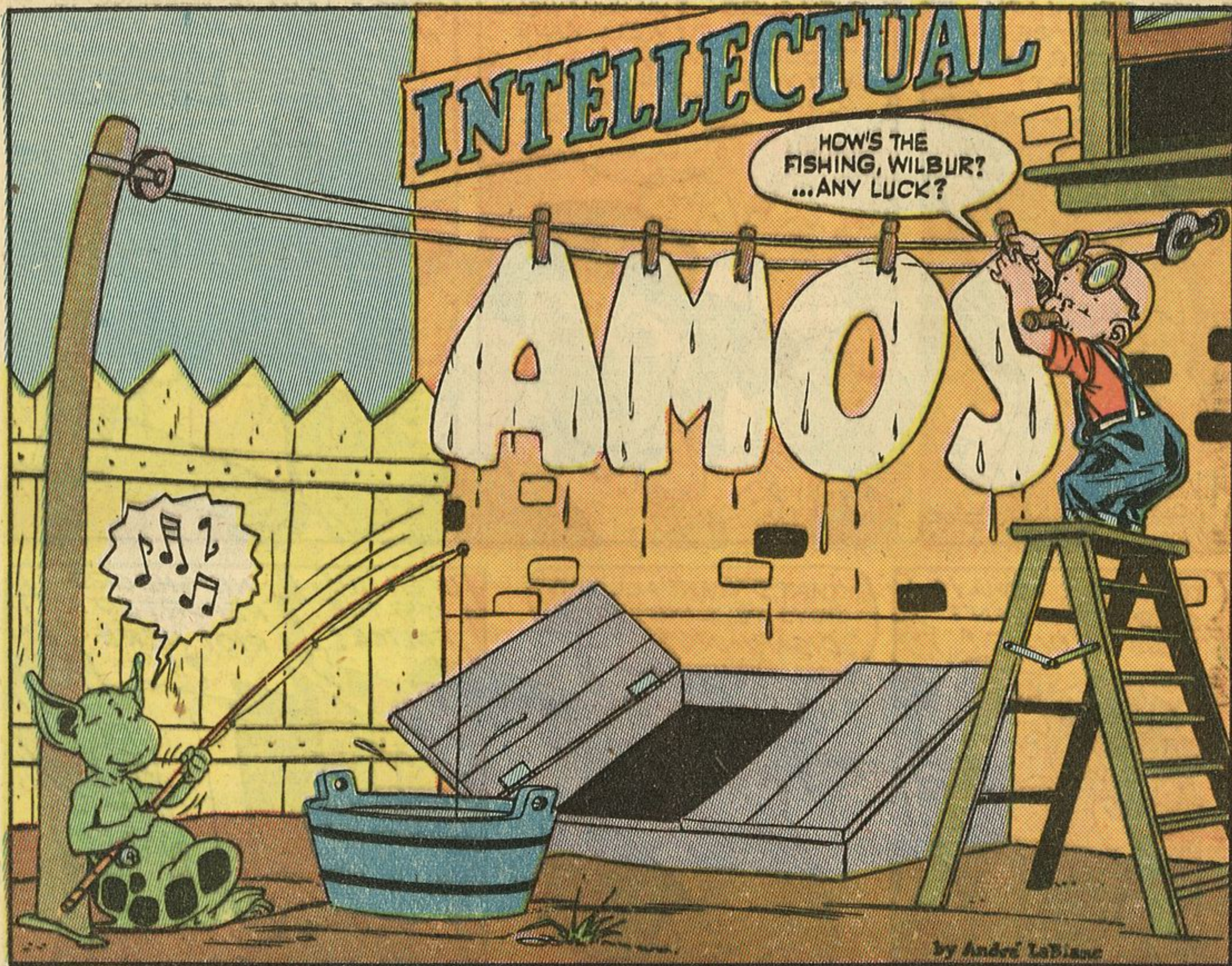


WELL, WAS THE NIGHT PROFITABLE, COUNT?

I AM VEXED AND PERPLEXED! AHEAD I AM OF THE GAME, YET FIVE DOLLARS POORER!

INTELLECTUAL

HOW'S THE
FISHING, WILBUR?
...ANY LUCK?



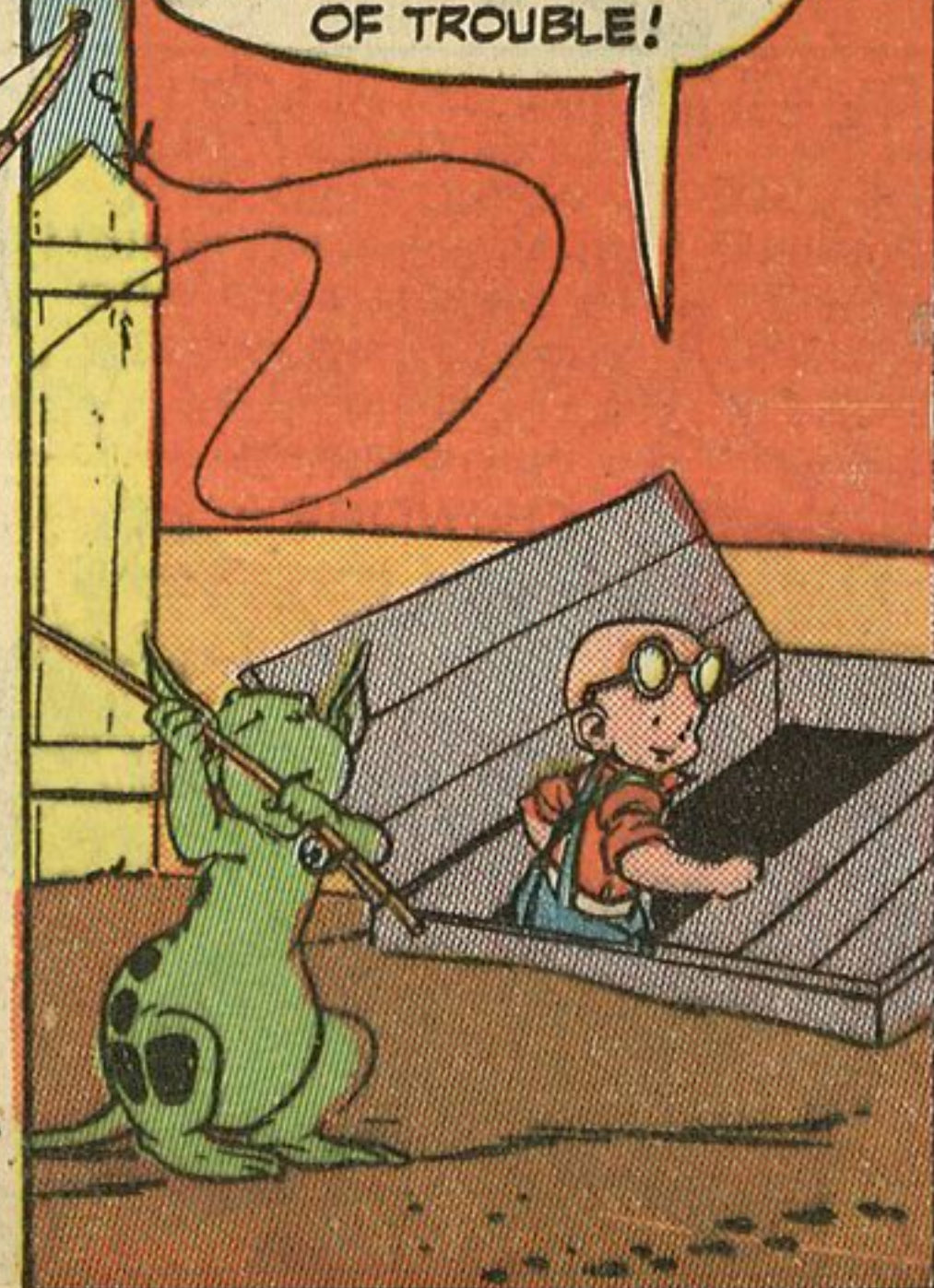
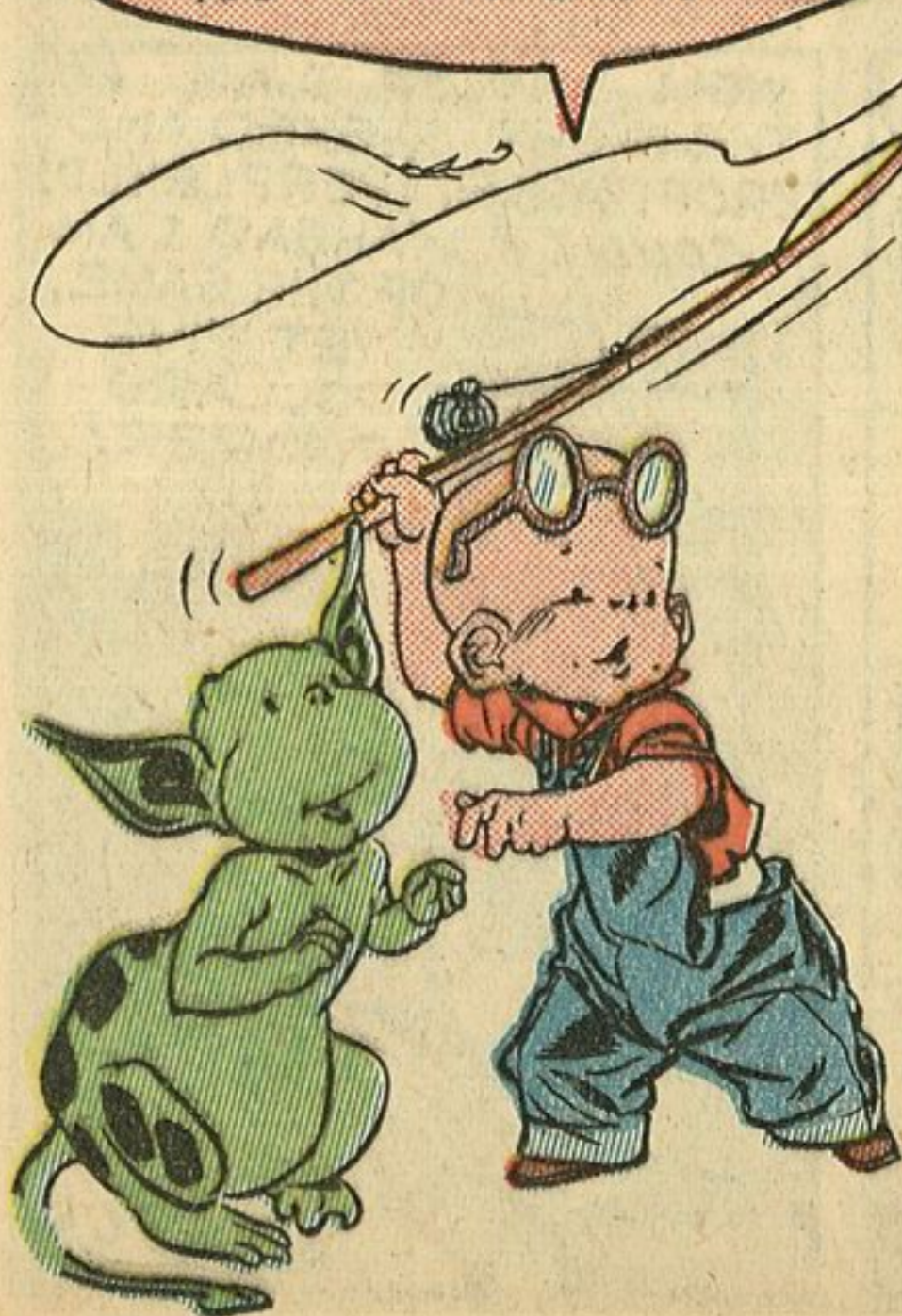
by André LaBlanc

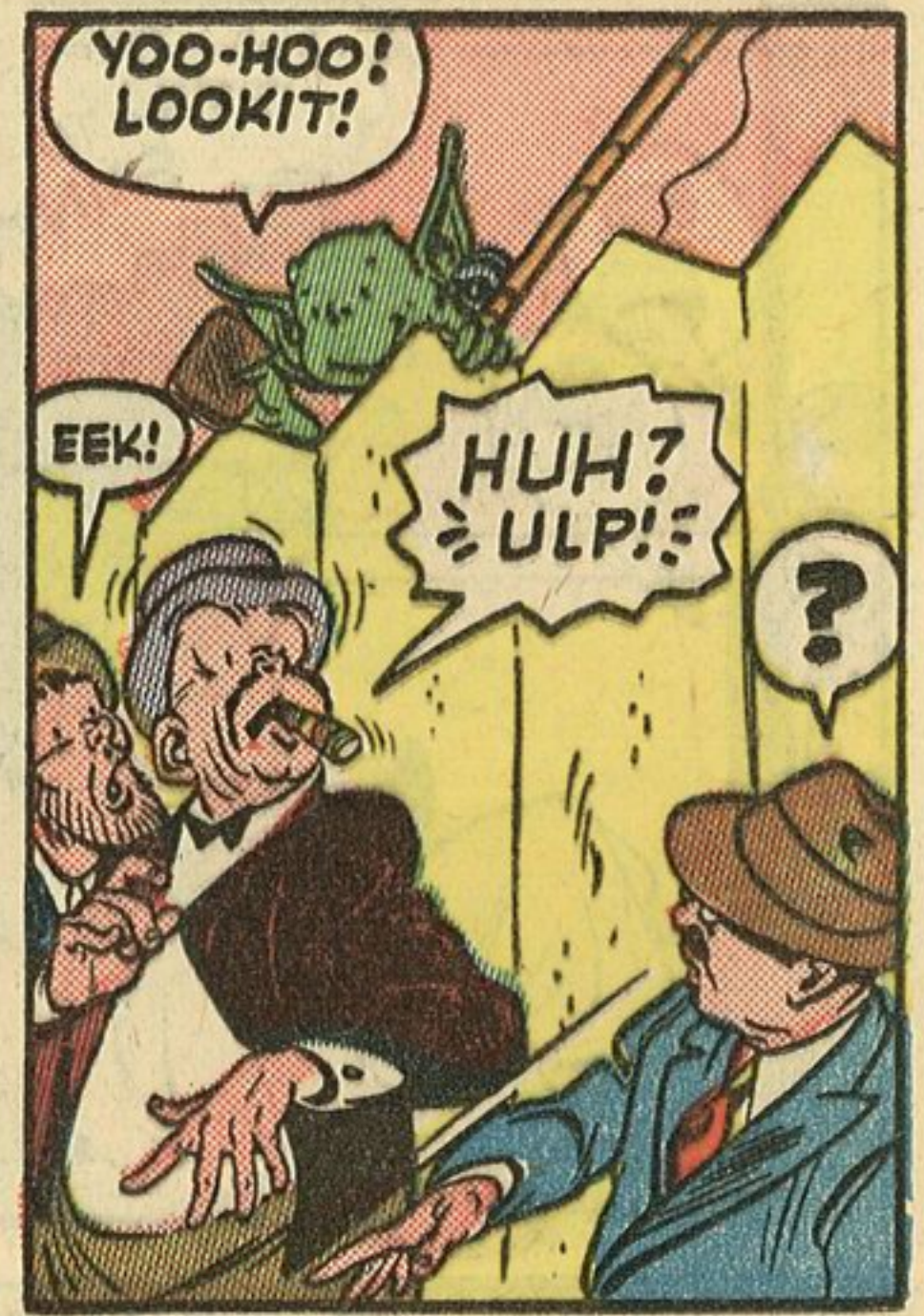
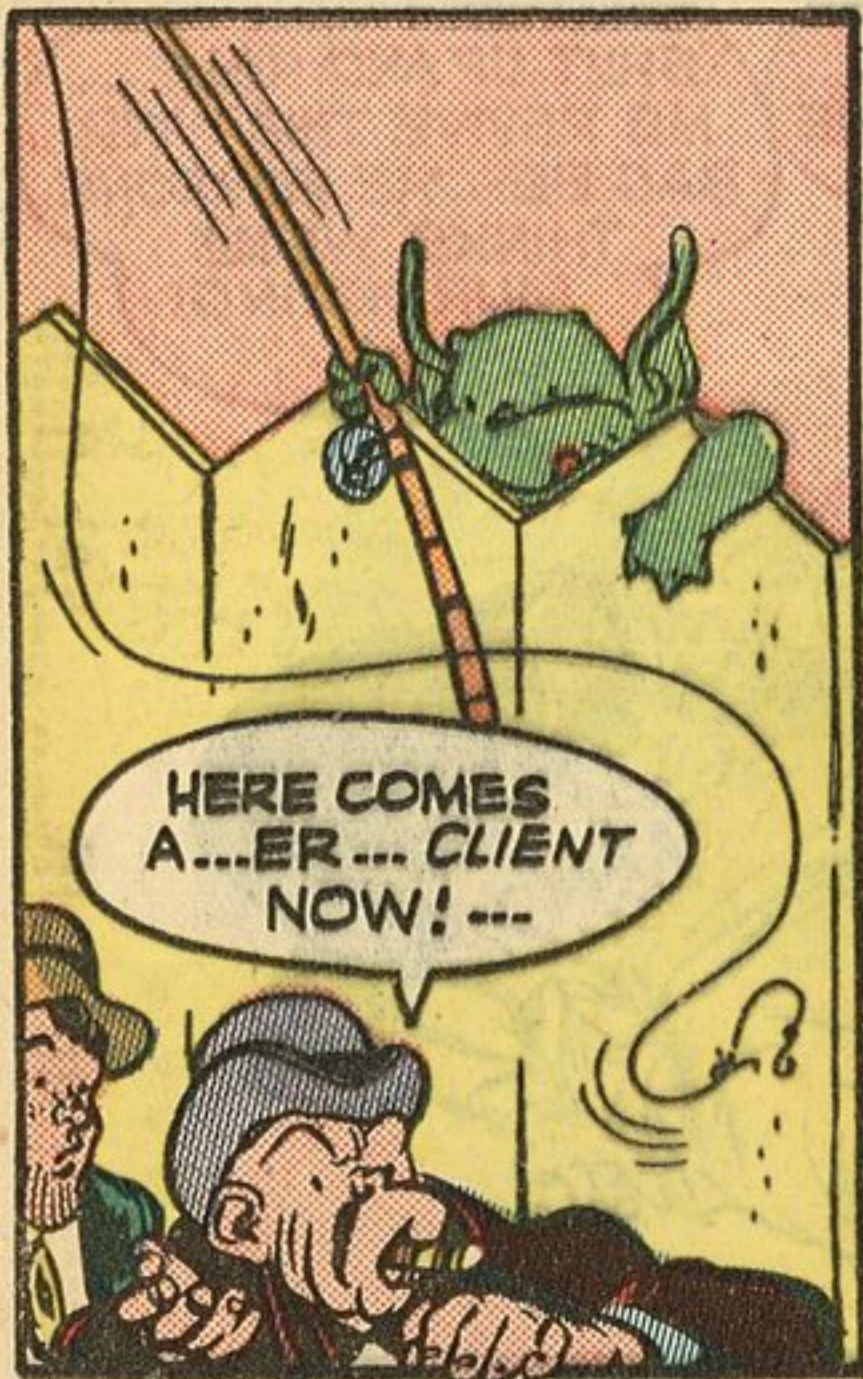
MOST FRESH WATER
FISHING IS DONE WITH A
CASTING ROD NOW OBSERVE
CLOSELY, WILBUR, AND I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW TO CAST!

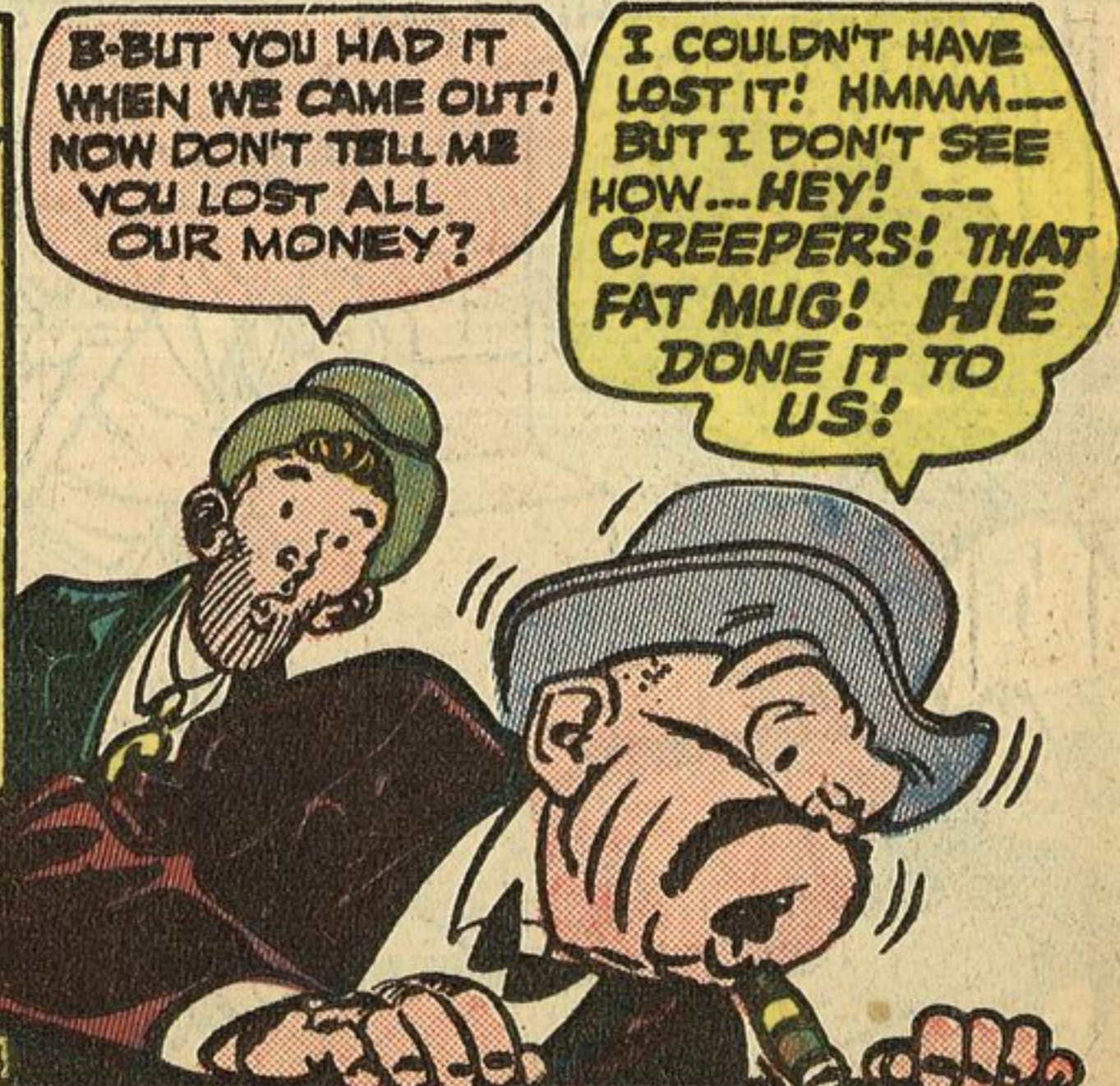
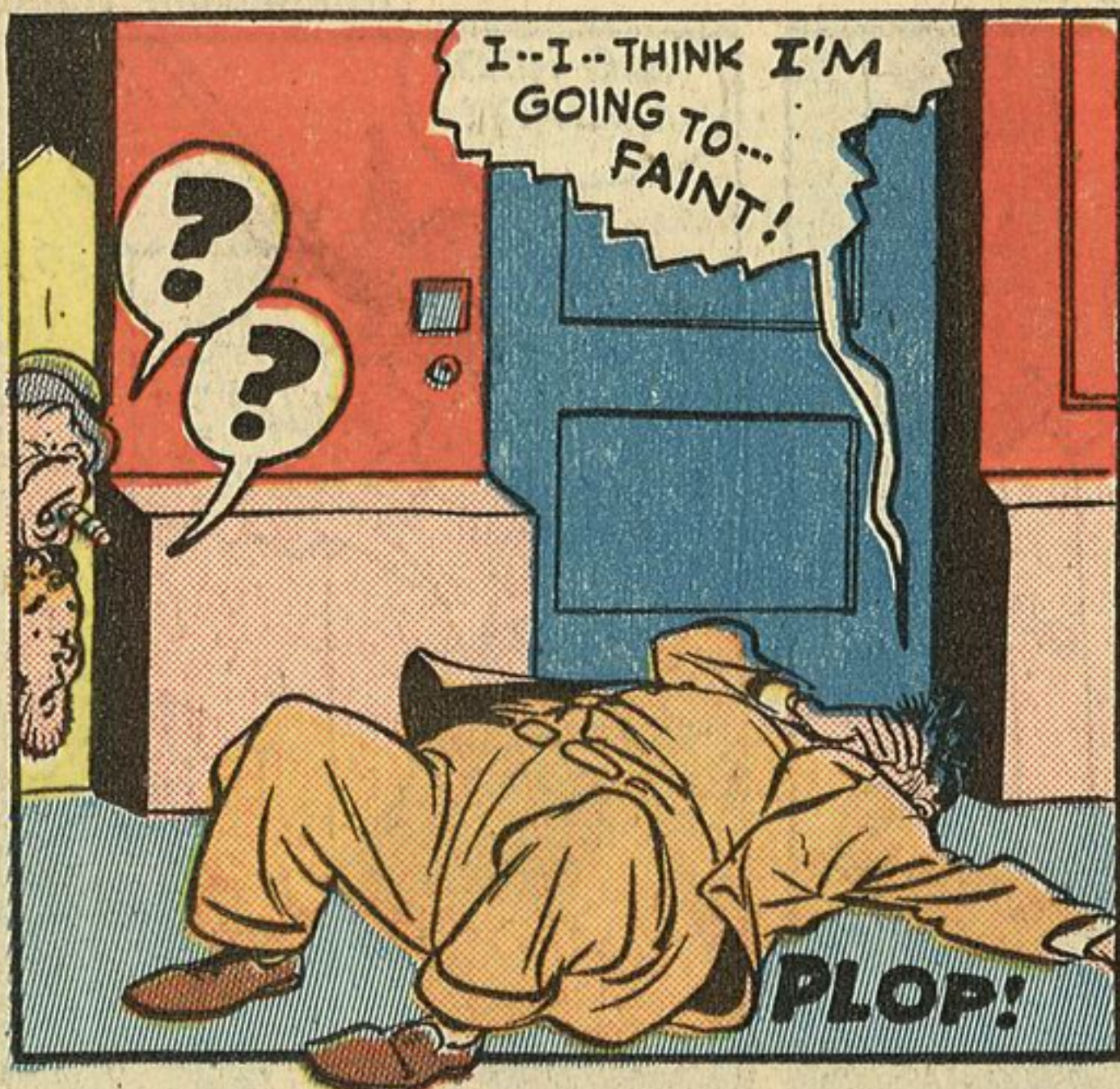
SEE? THAT'S THE WAY! AND NOW
I'M GOING DOWNSTAIRS A MINUTE!
...KEEP PRACTICING...AND, BESIDES
IMPROVING YOUR LUCK, YOU
MIGHT ALSO KEEP OUT
OF TROUBLE!

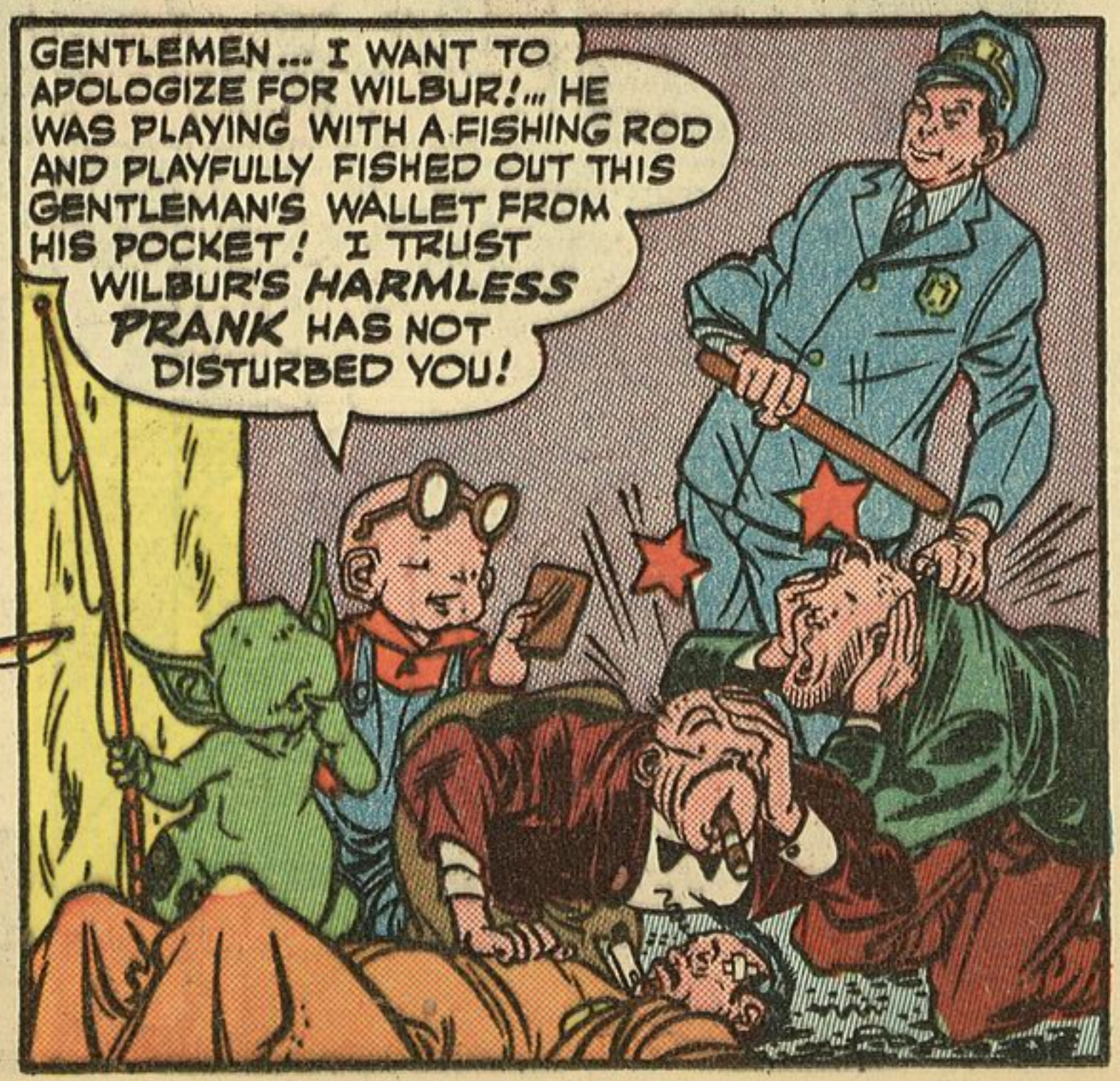
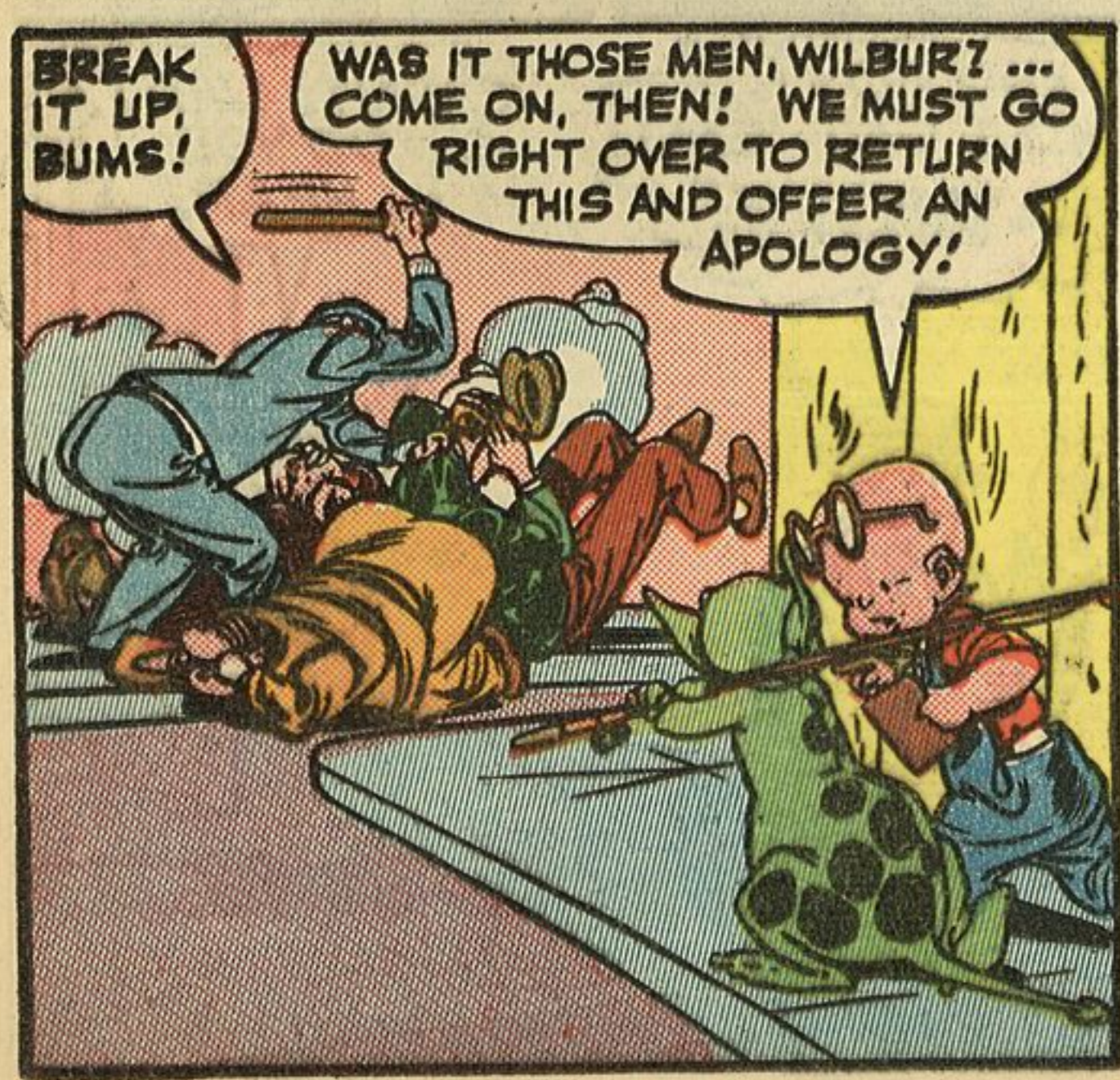
ARE YOU
SURE YOU
GOT THAT
ALL CLEAR?

YEAH... SURE! I
BUMP INTO THE
GUY AND THEN
I FAINT... AND
AS HE BENDS OVER
ME, I LIFT OUT
HIS WALLET!
OKAY?









JONES Y *BY DIB*

